

Rose Lee Adams

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*Funeral Services
For
Rose Lee Adams*



*Saturday, April 26, 2008
1:00 P.M.*

*Mt. Olive Baptist Church
Statesboro, GA.*

Rev. Richard Martin, Officiating

*Interment
Church Cemetery*

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A Silent Goodbye *To My Son, Grandchildren, Great-Grandchildren* *And Extended Family*

Somewhere over the rainbow where my possessions lie.

I'll find happiness, visit my loved ones and friends.

For I'm just away. I did not die.

My soul got tired, my body got weak,

My journey was getting hard.

I gave up this old life for a brand new life.

For I've gone home to live with God.

Please do not mourn my departure for I am just away.

Oh, my dear family

We'll meet again someday.

I did not suffer, I had no pain. I went quietly away.

I did not struggle or put up a fight, I did not fuss,

In fact I nothing to say.

I know you loved me but God loved me best,

He sent an angel to seal my lips and said,

"Dear Child, take your rest."

Somewhere the sun is shining, somewhere the skies are bright,

Somewhere there is a rainbow that will end my earthly flight.

Where no sickness nor sorrow,

Death nor pain shall trouble me no more,

For I have walked the last mile of the way

I entered through Heaven's door.

Farewell my dear family, loved ones and friends,

Please do not mourn or cry.

For I'm up in Glory with my Precious Savior,

Where the Saint shall never die.

Remember my love and cherish all the wonderful years

But most of all accept my silent goodbye.

I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing.

2 Timothy 4:7-8

Obituary

Mrs. Rose Lee Scruggs Adams was born June 21, 1928 in Bulloch County, Georgia to the late Randall Scruggs and the late Minnie Lee Harvey. She departed this life on April 18, 2008 at Candler Hospital in Savannah, after an extended illness. She was preceded in death by 2 children Joe Seabrooks and Mary Davis.

Rose was a homemaker and a retired Domestic Worker having worked for the late Mr. & Mrs. Robert L. Thompson family for many years. She loved their family dearly as her own. She confessed God as her Savior faithfully served as a dedicated member of the Jackson Park Missionary Baptist Church of Savannah, GA. Where she served as Mother of the Church, sung in the Choir, and participated with the Usher's Board.

Mrs. Adams leaves memories to be cherished by a son, J. C. Christian, Statesboro, GA; 2 aunts, Oattie Mae Daughtry, Jacksonville, FL; and Beatrice Watts, Statesboro, GA; a son-in-law, A. D. Davis, Statesboro, GA, a daughter-in-law Bonnie Seabrooks, Statesboro, GA, a special extended family, The Robert L. Thompson Family, 13 grandchildren, 19 great-grandchildren, 15 great-great grandchildren, a host of relatives and friends.



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In Memory of Rosie Baby

*I remember thee in this solemn hour
 My dear Rosie Baby.
 I remember the days when
 Thou didst dwell in this earth
 And thy tender love watched over me
 Like a guardian angel.
 Thou has gone from me.
 But the bond which unties our souls
 Can never be severed.
 Thine image lives within my heart.
 May the merciful Father reward thee
 For the faithfulness and kindness thou hast shown me.
 May He lift up the light of his countenance
 Upon thee and grant thee eternal peace! Amen.*

*The Extended Family of
 The Late Robert L. Thompson*

Order of Service

Processional

Selection.....Hill's Mortuary Choir

Prayer.....Rev. Michael Moore

Scripture Readings

Old Testament.....Pulpit Appointee

New Testament.....Pulpit Appointee

Selection.....Hill's Mortuary Choir

Reflections (2 Minutes Please)

The Thompson Family

Willie Brown

Dea. Ellington

Others

Solo

Eulogy.....Rev. Richard Martin

Acknowledgments.....Hill's Mortuary, Inc.

Final Viewing

Recessional

*Interment
 Church Cemetery*

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When I Must Leave You

*When I must leave you for a little while-
Please do not grieve and shed wild tears
And hug your sorrow to you through the years.
But start out bravely with a gallant smile;
And for my sake and in my name
Live on and do all things the same.
Feed not your loneliness on empty days,
But fill each waking hour in useful ways,
Reach out your hand in comfort and in cheer
And I in turn will comfort you and hold you near;
And never, never be afraid to die,
For I am waiting for you in the sky*

By Helen Steiner Rice

My Last Request

Please don't say that I gave up,
Just say that I gave in.
Don't say I lost the battle,
for it was God's war to lose or win.

Please don't say how good I was
But that I did my best.
Just say I tried to do what's right,
To give the most I could, not do less.

Please don't give me wings or halos,
That's for God to do.
I want no more than I deserve,
No extra, just my due.

Please don't give me flowers,
Or talk in harsh tones.

Don't be concerned about me now,
I'm well with God, I've made it home.

Don't talk about what could have been,
It's over and it's done.
Just see to all my family's needs,
The Battle has been won.

When you draw a picture of me,
Don't draw me as a saint;
I've done some good,
I've done some wrong,
So use all your paint.

Not just the bright and light tones,
Use some gray and dark
In fact, don't put me down on canvas,
Paint me in your heart.

Don't just remember all the good times,
But remember some bad.
For life is full of many things,
Some happy and some sad.

If you must do something,
Then I have one last request.
Forgive me for the wrongs I've done,
And with the love that's left.

Thank God for my soul's resting.
Thank God I've been blessed.
Thank God for all who loved me.
Praise God who loved me best.



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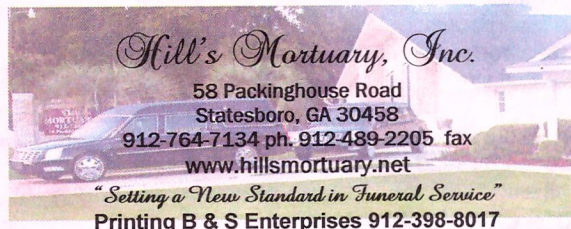
*Pallbearers
Family and Friends*

*Floral Attendants
Family and Friends*

Acknowledgements

*Perhaps you sent a lovely card,
Or sat quietly in a chair;
Perhaps you sent a floral piece.
If so, we saw it there.
Perhaps you prayed a sincere prayer,
Or came to pay a call;
Perhaps you sang a cheerful song.
If so, we heard it all.
Perhaps you spoke the kindest words,
As any friend could say;
Perhaps you were not there at all,
Just thought of us that day.
Perhaps you prepared a tasty dish,
Or maybe furnished a car;
Perhaps you rendered a service unseen,
Near at hand or from afar.
Whatever you did to console our hearts,
By word or deed or touch;
Whatever was the kindly part,
We thank you sincerely
Whatever the part.
The Family*

PROFESSIONAL ARRANGEMENTS ENTRUSTED TO:



Hill's Mortuary, Inc.
58 Packinghouse Road
Statesboro, GA 30458
912-764-7134 ph. 912-489-2205 fax
www.hillsmortuary.net
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